Pillow Princess

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Pillow Princess

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal accidentally overhears a conversation about Will's... preferences. He's very interested

Notes

hie I'm back from my week in the desert sorry for being nonexistent for a week lol

See the end of the work for more notes

“Whatever that means, I take umbrage with it.”

Hannibal stalls in the doorway. The four people lingering in the mostly-empty classroom don’t appear to have noticed him yet. He’s always enjoyed observing people at their most candid, but seeing Will Graham in this context is nearly irresistible.

Beverly Katz and Jimmy Price both snicker at Will’s frustration, and Brian Zeller gives Will a quick, helpless shrug.

“Hey, I’m just calling it how I see it,” Beverly defends. “From what you were saying at the bar last night, you fit the bill.”

More laughter. Will removes his glasses to scrub wearily at his face. Hannibal tilts his head in interest. He’d been out drinking last night, then?

“What bill, exactly?” Zeller asks. “I’m lost, did she call him a—”

“Don’t.”

Hannibal lifts a brow.

Beverly sits on the edge of Will’s desk as she speaks, completely ignoring his exasperation. “You said that you like to make chicks do all the work, right? Just lay there and do nothing?”

Will sighs sharply. “That’s… that’s not what I said.”

“Yes it is,” Price interjects, and Beverly smirks.

“I said—” Will lowers his voice, and it takes all of Hannibal’s strength to keep from stepping closer, so as not to miss a word.

“I said that I find my life outside of the bedroom stressful enough, so when I do have sex, I prefer to… let the other person take the reins.”

Hannibal runs his tongue over his lip. The very suggestion of Will in a sexual context is enough to send his mind racing through fantasies. So this is how he behaves in bed? Passive, submissive, even? Looking for someone to take control and give him pleasure? Hannibal could offer that. He could certainly—

“That’s the exact definition of a Pillow Princess, Will.”

“Don’t you guys have a corpse to be studying? Fuck off.”

“Would you prefer the term Pillow Prince?” Jimmy quips. Hannibal, for his part, has become entirely focused on the curve of Will’s ass, the shape of his thighs. He’d look so tempting, laid out across Hannibal’s sheets, ripe for the taking. He wouldn’t need to lift a finger, if Hannibal had his say.

Perhaps at his wit's end, Will gives in and chuckles. "It's not as easy as you're making it sound, you know," he replies, and there's a teasing note in his tone that Hannibal almost never gets to hear. "There's skill involved."

Zeller snorts. "What skill?"

Will shrugs. Hannibal watches his shoulders shift beneath his shirt and his mouth floods with saliva. "You have to keep them entertained, right? The things you say, the way you say them. What you do with your face. It's like filming a porno for an audience of one. I'm not a Pillow Princess, Katz, I'm a performer."

The entire group lapses into laughter, some giddy leftover from the night before. Beverly turns her eye toward the door.

"Something interesting, Doc?"

Will spins quickly to face him, blinks. His face turns pink a moment later. Hannibal imagines he looks much the same. "Oh, hello Doctor Lecter," he greets with an awkward smile. "I uh, didn't hear you come in, so— How much of that did you catch, exactly? Because—"

"Nothing," Hannibal blurts, and it isn't even slightly convincing. "Nothing at all."

Beverly casts a knowing looks, first at Hannibal and then at Will. "Well," she sighs. "I think we should all be getting back to work, don't you think?"

She doesn't wait for anyone to respond, simply begins herding Price and Zeller toward the door. She nudges Will's elbow on the way out, leans close to whisper something in his ear that makes Will blush even deeper, and then she's gone, leaving the two of them alone.

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!!! <3

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